

ABHIVYAKTI अभिव्यक्ति

ISSUE 03

YAMUNA E-MAGAZINE



2025

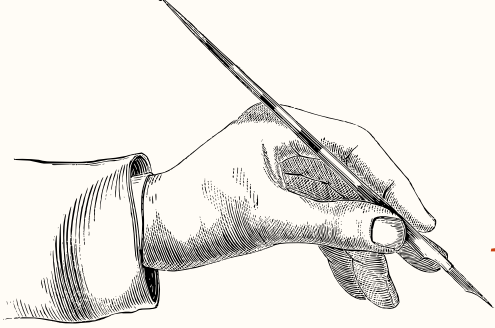
*With the
blessings of*



Mahamana Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya

1861-1946

**"Character development is more important for
the advancement of the individual and society
than intellectual development"**



From the editors desk

Putting together this edition has felt less like completing a task and more like gathering moments, quiet thoughts, loud laughter, midnight ideas, and bits of music, movement, and creativity that kept finding their way into these pages.

This magazine began as an initiative by our Administrative Warden, with the simple intention of creating something that would hold on to these memories. What started as an idea slowly grew through conversations, contributions, and shared excitement into something that feels truly collective.

Across these pages are voices from the hostel, poems, articles, photographs, and art, each carrying a small piece of someone's world. There are glimpses of our everyday life too, singing practices drifting through hallways, dance routines repeated until they feel just right, games played out on the field, paintings taking shape in quiet corners, and the simple rhythm of days that slowly become special.

This magazine is not just a collection of words and images, it is a reflection of the life we are living together, lively, warm, a little chaotic, and full of heart.

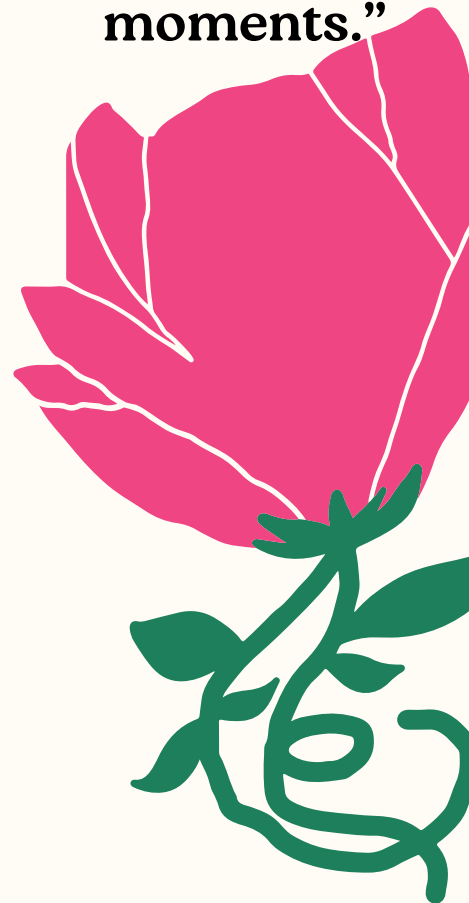
A quiet thank you to our Administrative Warden for the constant support, and to everyone who shared a piece of themselves to make this possible.

As editor and designer, our role has simply been to gather these pieces and give them a place to stay. We hope as you read, you will find something that feels familiar, something that makes you smile, and something that stays with you even after the last page.

- Magazine Design Team



**We do not
remember
days, we
remember
moments."**





Presenting the 3RD EDITION

6

Sweet Memories

Samriddhi Singh

फूलों की रंगीन कहानी - Sneha Rani

My Yamuna - Sakshi

14

Kavya Kusum

Auction of Hearts - Sanjivani

एक जैसा आकाश,

फिर भी अलग अलग लोग -

वर्णाली सिंह

The art of forgetting- Srija

Banaras, My Becoming -

Krishna

मध्यवर्गी - भावना वर्मा

21

Article

Role of performing arts in preserving

culture and tradition - Shreya Nandan

Indian Education System Throughout the
years - Ayushi Sharma

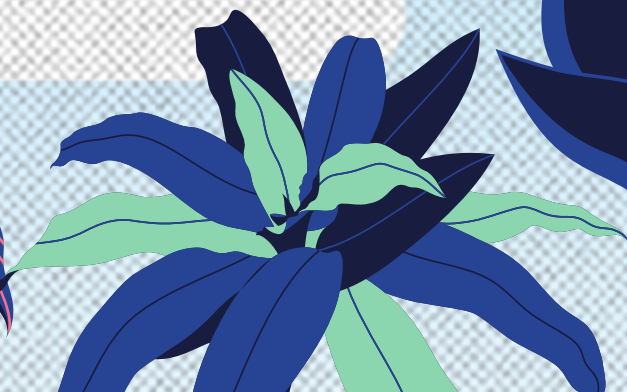
27

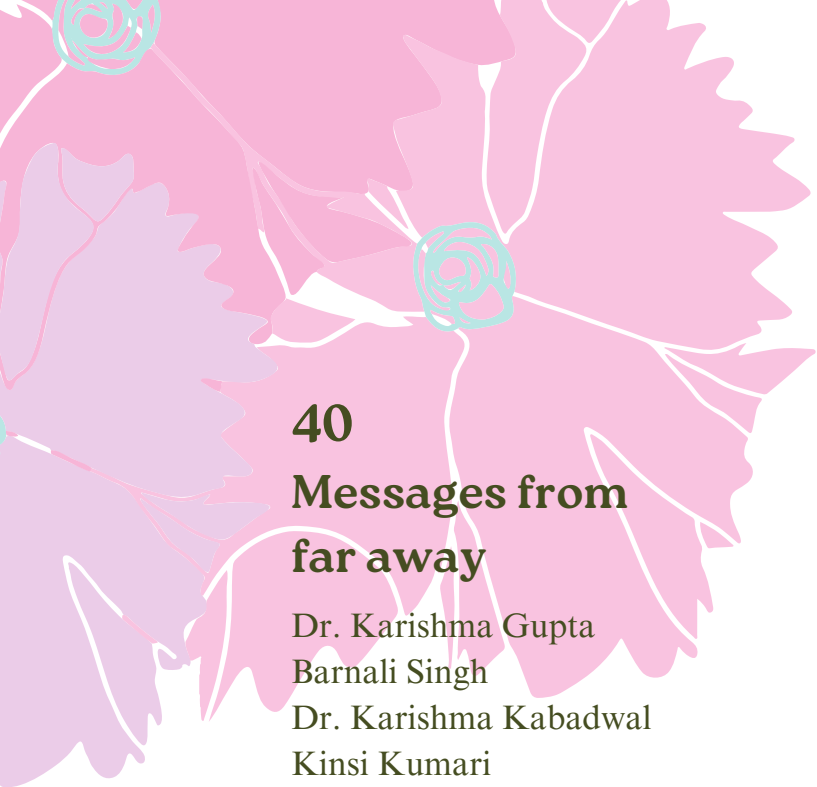
Song

Preevi Singh

28

Picture Gallery





40

Messages from far away

Dr. Karishma Gupta
Barnali Singh
Dr. Karishma Kabadwal
Kinsi Kumari

44

Message of Farewell

Anushka Pal Singh

45

Art Attack

Anushree Dwivedi
Sakshi
Sweta Kumari
Pooja Awasthi
Riya Dubey

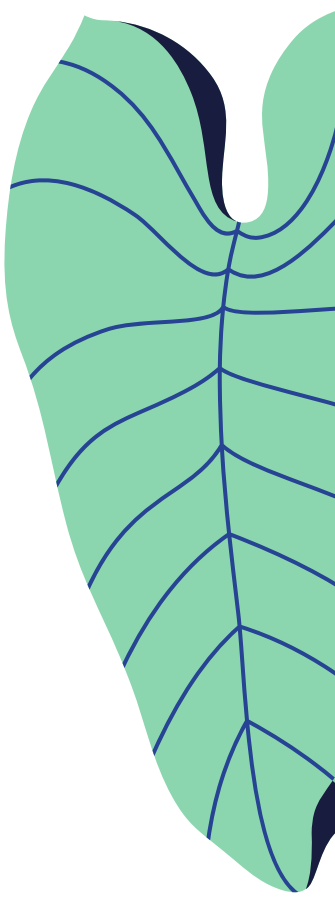
49

Meet our Team

49

Gratitude Note

Sanjivani



SWEET *Memories*



What is most valuable to a PhD scholar staying in the campus—while having to steer through the workload? Is it getting hygienic food regularly or the comfort of a functional workspace? It is both, which I fortunately have found in Yamuna.

As a research scholar, the choice to stay in the hostel was driven largely by practicality—regular food and proximity to the department. Given that research degrees involve unpredictable circumstances and packed days, cooking regularly is simply off-limits. Amidst all these, Yamuna’s dining mess has truly been a lifeline—conveniently serving me well-balanced and hygienically prepared meals timely. The variety in the menu ensures we don’t feel the monotony of eating the same food daily, which is also planned to meet the daily food-requirements of the body. The kitchen staff deserve credit for always being on their toes to provide us with the occasional customized food demands. The special meals on festivals and weekends show a real effort to make the dining experience feel more homely and inclusive. As someone who has spent most of their college years outside campus, having warm, reliable meals without having to order, plan, or cook has made a world of difference to my health and well-being.

The Triveni Complex that houses Yamuna among other hostels also has a well-managed badminton court and two open gyms that remain functional round the year. I have been part of various sports teams at school and have also participated in sports competitions regularly. The badminton court and the two open gyms which have been made accessible for the girls of Triveni reminds me of my good old school days when I used to eagerly wait for the sports period. I have always been enthusiastic about sports and this prompted me to take part in the Annual Badminton Competition which was part of the Cultural Events 2025 held by Yamuna Hostel in February this year. Such encouragement which constitutes a part of hostel life manages to take our attention from the daily hassle and helps us focus on the other important aspects of life such as keeping our body healthy and having some fun now and then.

While talking about the management in various forms, particularly commendable is Yamuna’s administrative committee’s openness to feedback. Our hostel warden, Dr. Antara Das’s round-the-clock availability and support regarding the complaints and further demands need to be lauded. Not to forget our housekeeper, Seema ma’am, who is always there with her persistent effort to make our stay comfortable and hiccup-free. My time inside campus, especially at Yamuna has been healing and most of the credit would go to the hostel mess, the space for sports and the official administration. The greenery and the walkable Triveni Complex of which Yamuna is a part makes the stay even more worthwhile.

Samriddhi Singh
PhD Student
Department of English

फूलों की रंगीन कहानी

होस्टल की रंग-बिरंगी यादें एक ऐसे अनोखे बाग़ की तरह होती हैं, जहाँ हर फूल एक अलग अनुभव है, हर फूल एक अलग एहसास है और हर फूल एक अलग कहानी। ये यादें समय के साथ मुरझाती नहीं, बल्कि दिल की मिट्टी में और गहराई से जड़ें जमा लेती हैं।

सुबह की शुरुआत होस्टल में किसी खिलती हुई कली की तरह होती थी। अलार्म की तेज़ आवाज़, किसी का जल्दी-जल्दी तैयार होना, तो किसी का आखिरी मिनट में भागना—ये सब मिलकर एक हलचल भरा लेकिन प्यारा माहौल बना देते थे। नींद से भारी आँखों के साथ जब हम मेस की ओर जाते थे, तो रास्ते में दोस्तों की बातें ऐसे लगती थीं जैसे बाग़ में ताज़ी हवा के झोंके चल रहे हों, और हर पल एक नया फूल खिल रहा हो।

और फिर शुरू होता था मेस का असली किस्सा।

मेस का खाना होस्टल जीवन की सबसे यादगार और मज़ेदार कहानियों में से एक होता था। कभी दाल में पानी ज्यादा, कभी सब्ज़ी में नमक कम, कभी रोटी सख्त तो कभी चावल ज़्यादा पके हुए—लेकिन इन्हीं छोटी-छोटी कमियों में भी अपनापन छुपा होता था। “आज खाना ठीक था” जैसे शब्द भी किसी जीत से कम नहीं लगते थे। और जब कभी स्वाद अच्छा मिल जाता—पूरी, छोले, राजमा या खीर—तो पूरा होस्टल जैसे खुशी के फूलों से भर जाता था। मेस की थाली सिर्फ़ खाना नहीं होती थी, बल्कि वहाँ दोस्ती, मज़ाक और यादों के फूल साथ-साथ खिलते थे।

होस्टल के कमरे अपने आप में छोटे-छोटे बाग़ होते थे। कहीं किताबों का पहाड़, कहीं कपड़ों का ढेर, तो कहीं दीवारों पर लगे पोस्टर—हर कमरा अपने अलग फूल की तरह अपनी पहचान रखता था। रूममेट्स धीरे-धीरे सिर्फ़ साथ रहने वाले नहीं, बल्कि जीवन के सबसे खास फूल बन जाते थे। कोई बिना बोले आपकी परेशानी समझ लेता था, तो कोई आपकी चुप्पी में भी हँसी के फूल ढूँढ़ लेता था।

दोपहर का समय एक शांत बाग़ की तरह होता था, जहाँ हर चीज़ थोड़ी धीमी हो जाती थी। कोई सो रहा होता था, कोई घर से बात कर रहा होता था, और कोई अपने भविष्य के सपनों के फूल सींच रहा होता था। बाहर से शांति दिखती थी, लेकिन अंदर हर दिल में उम्मीदों के फूल खिल रहे होते थे।



शाम होते ही होस्टल फिर से जीवंत हो उठता था। मैदान में क्रिकेट की आवाज़, गलियारों में हँसी, और चाय की टपरी पर बैठकर लंबी बातें—ये सब मिलकर यादों के फूल बिखेर देते थे। कभी किसी मैच पर बहस, कभी किसी फिल्म पर चर्चा, तो कभी बिना वजह की हँसी—हर पल एक नया फूल बनकर दिल में बस जाता था।

रात का समय होस्टल की सबसे सच्ची कहानियाँ लेकर आता था। पढ़ाई के नाम पर शुरू हुई बातें धीरे-धीरे गपशप और सपनों में बदल जाती थीं। मैगी की खुशबू, ठंडी हवा और दोस्तों की बातें—सब मिलकर यादों के फूलों का एक पूरा गुलदस्ता बना देते थे।

परीक्षाओं के दिन चुनौती जरूर होते थे, लेकिन उसी में दोस्ती के सबसे मजबूत फूल भी खिलते थे। कोई नोट्स देता था, कोई समझाता था, कोई बस हिम्मत बढ़ाता था। हर छोटा सहारा एक बड़ा फूल बन जाता था।

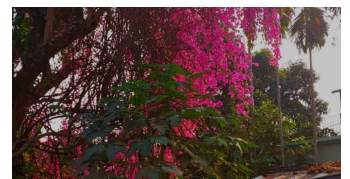
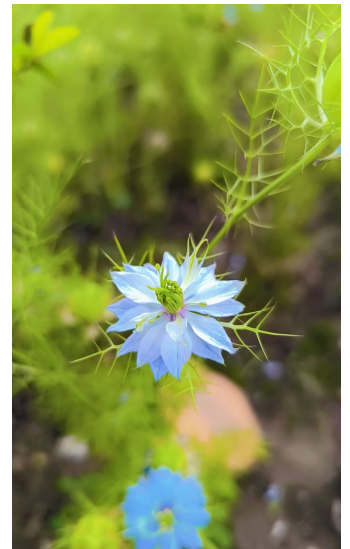
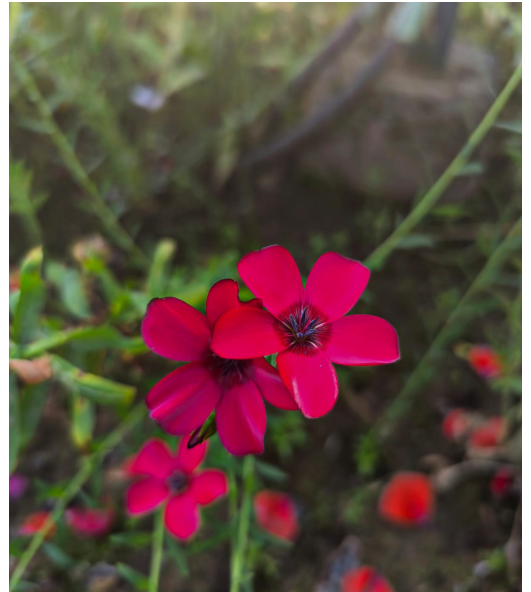
त्योहार और जन्मदिन तो होस्टल के सबसे रंगीन फूल होते थे। रात 12 बजे केक, हँसी, शोर और चेहरे पर क्रीम—सब मिलकर एक ऐसा बाग़ बना देते थे जहाँ हर तरफ सिर्फ फूल ही फूल होते थे।

और फिर आता है वो दिन जब होस्टल छोड़ना पड़ता है। सामान पैक करते समय हर चीज़ एक फूल की तरह याद बनकर सामने आ जाती है। दिल भारी होता है, लेकिन भीतर यादों का पूरा बाग़ खिल चुका होता है।

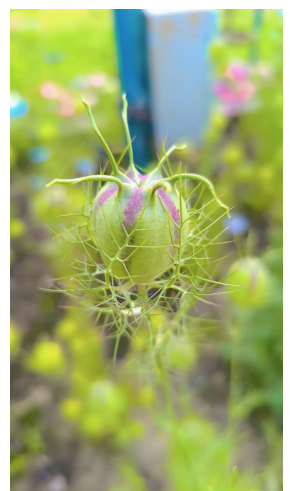
होस्टल की ये यादें—मेस का खाना, दोस्तों की हँसी, रात की बातें—सब मिलकर ऐसे फूल हैं जो कभी मुरझाते नहीं, बस हमेशा दिल में खिलते रहते हैं। 🌸

By
Sneha Rani

SWEET *Memories*



Flowers of BHU
Captured by Sneha Rani



MY

Yamuna



There are places we live in, and there are places that quietly live within us. For me, Yamuna was never just a hostel building inside BHU — it was the rhythm of my university life itself.

First, the room no 35 then the room no. 44, whose door still bears the Swastik I drew as decoration during my last Diwali there. Those rooms were never just hostel rooms to me but much more.

My days in BHU did not begin in classrooms; rather, they unfolded in the corridors and mess hall of Yamuna, in the gardens of Triveni, and in the slow walks along its paths after long lectures, late-night strolls, and friendly chats. Away from classroom lectures and seminars and conferences, the cultural events and sports competitions of the Faculty, my days also unfolded in laughter that echoed long after the lights were switched off, midnight songs of someone's birthday party, in the blasting music during storms of summer when the electricity would go out for safety.

I saw changes happen over the years. Two small shops became three. The canteen was built while we watched it slowly take shape. The open gym was something we waited for eagerly, counting the days for it to open and when it finally did, in our last few weeks, we were somehow too lazy to use it properly. That still makes me smile. Celebrating 25 years of Yamuna Hostel was a special time. The week-long celebrations brought everyone together, and on the final day, the first edition of *ABHIBYAKTI* was inaugurated. Under Antara Ma'am's guidance and with the efforts of many contributors, the idea slowly took shape as a 42-page magazine. Seeing it grow from an idea into something real is a memory I will always carry. I designed that first edition myself, working on each page and its decoration with care, seeing it now reach its third edition feels even more special.



SOME PLACES WE
LIVE IN FOR A FEW
YEARS.
SOME PLACES STAY
WITH US FOREVER.
YAMUNA WILL
ALWAYS STAY WITH
ME.



Living in Yamuna taught me many things no syllabus ever could. It taught me how to adjust with others, how to manage on a limited budget, how to share space, and how to make strangers into friends for life. It also taught me confidence — the kind that grows slowly and stays with you. It taught me independence in small, practical ways and courage in quiet, lasting one.

The paintings on the walls of Yamuna still hold the brushstrokes of many of us — some who have now left the hostel and some who are still here. A few of those paintings were never fully completed before we moved on, left as they were in between deadlines, exams, and departures. Yet somehow, that unfinishedness feels fitting — like a quiet reminder that we were here, that we added our part.

Seniors like Karishma Di and Sneha Di were an inseparable part of my hostel days; they left the hostel before I did. Barnali Di was still there when I returned for my convocation for two days, and then she too moved on. Seeing her again now, back for a few days, feels like time folding in on itself, as if Yamuna quietly connects different phases of our lives without really letting us drift too far. Karishma Di, my neighbour in the hostel and also my senior from the same faculty, has now moved ahead in her journey, and Sneha Di, whose painting was featured on the front page of our first edition of *ABHIBYAKTI*. There are many others whose names I may not be able to write here — some who have left after completing their courses, and some who are still there. All of them are part of my Yamuna memories. I sincerely hope each of them achieves everything they dream of.

And then there are the juniors from my faculty who had just joined when I was in my final year. Seeing them again felt both familiar and surprising at the same time, as if the years in between had quietly disappeared, though it had only been just a year and a half.

I wish all of you growth, strength, and happiness in whatever paths you choose.

Through all these years, Seema Ma'am remained a constant presence in Yamuna, quietly managing everything and looking after us in ways that made hostel life smoother and more comfortable. Antara Ma'am, our administrative warden, always wanted the best for us and made so many things possible — the retro dress-up show, the Ramayan natak, badminton competitions, health and welfare counselling sessions, new sports equipment, and the reading room on the first floor. Many of the memories we now look back on were shaped by her efforts behind the scenes. And of course, Maharaj Ji — always ready to feed us a little extra, patiently listening to our over-the-top requests for dishes that were never really on the mess menu, yet would somehow make them appear. From whom we would always ask for some onions here and some tomatoes there.

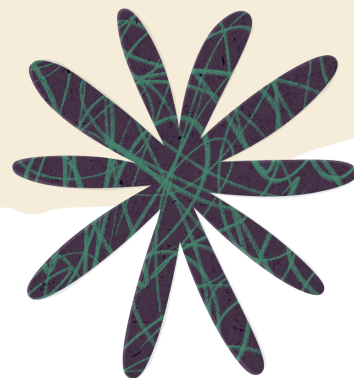
Today, I have returned to BHU in a different phase of life. And may not be back to Yamuna, but when I think of my university years I have already spent and those of the future, I don't think I can separate them from Yamuna. The building may now hold new residents, new stories, new beginnings, and new memories, but it will always remain a part of my story.

Some places we live in for a few years.

Some places stay with us forever.

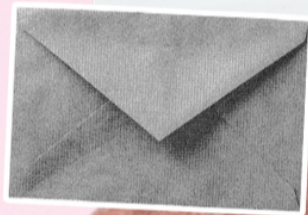
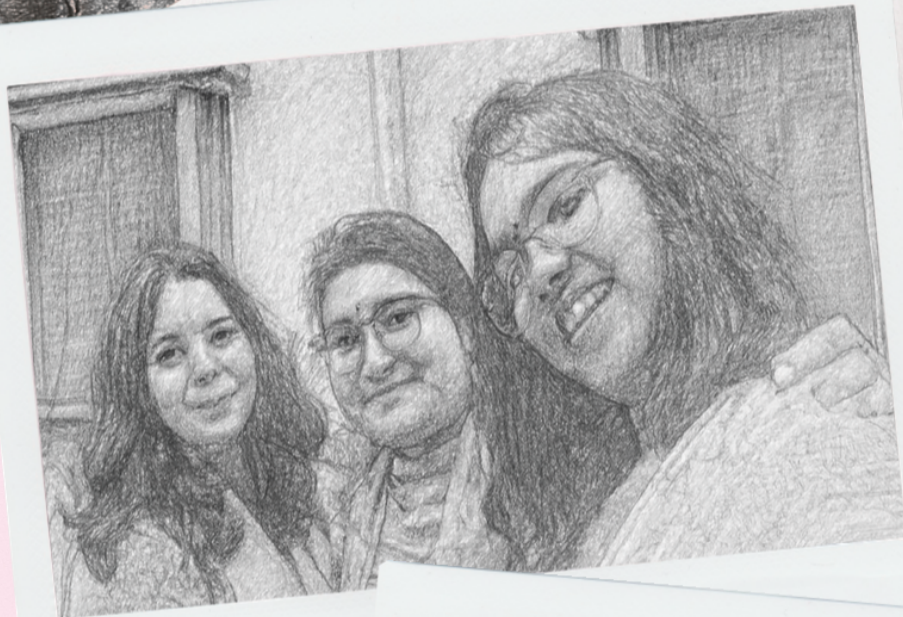
Yamuna will always stay with me.

Sakshi
**Research scholar,
Faculty of Law**

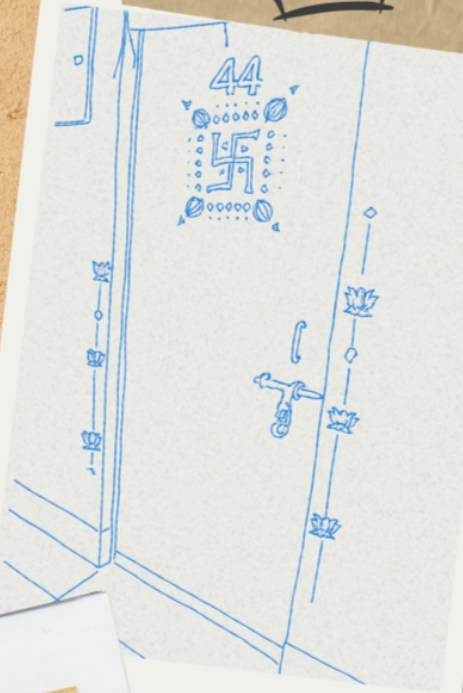


My

YAMUNA



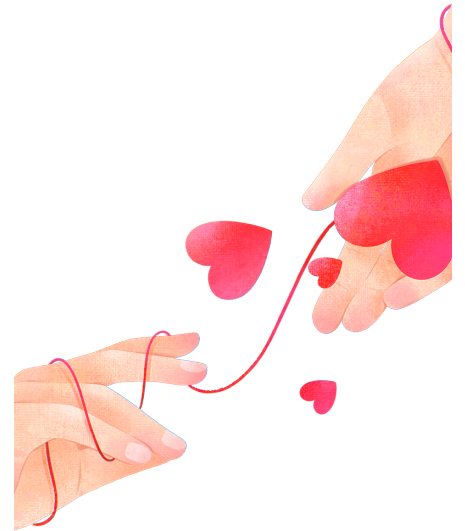
My YAMUNA



AUCTION OF HEARTS

All that I loved, I always loved alone,
And felt too much through my heart of stone.
I shaped myself from ash, then broke the mold,
Yet sorrow came like a handkerchief to hold.
For dreams of lead, I melted down my gold,
And sold my truth in silence, brave and cold.
I smiled in pain, and laughed beneath the cry,
A candle burning loudest just about to die.
They asked me "why", I whispered only "when",
Grief wore me down like letters wear a pen.
To win their love, I paid love's final toll,
And bartered joy for illusion for cage of control.
Yet still I stand, though hollowed by the art
Like a ghost haunted by language of heart.
I asked for a diamond, they gave me coal.
In the auction of hearts, I lost my soul.

SANJIVANI



एक जैसा आकाश, फिर भी अलग अलग लोग

ये पेड़ हर जगह एक से होते हैं,
अपनी जड़ों में धैर्य लिए,
हवा के संग झूमते,
धूप में तपते,
बरसात में भीगते,
फिर भी चुपचाप खड़े रहते हैं।

आसमान भी हर जगह एक सा होता है—
वही नीला विस्तार,
वही चाँद, वही तारे,
वही सुबह की लालिमा,
वही सांझ की उदासी।

तूफान भी लगभग एक जैसे ही आते हैं,
हवा का शोर,
बादलों की गर्जना,
और सब कुछ हिला देने वाली बेचैनी।
मंजर भी अक्सर एक जैसे लगते हैं।

फिर सोचती हूँ—

जब प्रकृति ने सबको एक सा बनाया,
तो इंसान एक जैसा क्यों नहीं होता?
क्यों किसी के मन में प्रेम बसता है,
तो किसी के भीतर छल?
क्यों कोई आँसू पोंछता है,
तो कोई वही आँसू देने का कारण बन जाता है?

शायद पेड़ों और आसमान की खूबसूरती
इसी में है
कि वे भेद नहीं करते।
वे सबको एक सी छाँव,
एक सी हवा,
एक सी रोशनी देते हैं।
पर इंसान...
वह अपने मन के मौसम से पहचाना जाता है।
किसी के भीतर बसंत खिलता है,
तो किसी के भीतर हर पल तूफान रहता है।
काश, इंसान भी पेड़ों सा धैर्य सीख ले,
आसमान सा विशाल हृदय रख ले,
और तूफानों के बाद फिर से मुस्कुरा उठना
जान ले।
तब शायद लोग भी एक जैसे नहीं,
पर एक दूसरे के लिए अच्छे ज़रूर हो जाएँ।

वर्णाली सिंह

The art of forgetting

"Have you memorized the
table of nineteen?",

Write it down ten times

and you'll remember it forever".

"Oh my sweet child,

do you recognize me?

I carried you on my shoulders

to get you a candy floss

when you were three".

"Why do you keep losing

your erasers at school?",

"Do not forget to put

it back into your pencil box

the next time".

"Go and buy some oranges

from the fruit stall,

I will hand you a map,

remember the directions".

And I still forgot the table of
nineteen

didn't remember the aunt's face

lost another eraser

and

cried on my way back

walking with a stranger

who dropped me home,

we are always taught to learn

memorize and remember things,

but rarely has someone taught us

how to forget

people who break our hearts

cities we leave

goodbyes left unsaid

and

parts of ourselves we lose

when we grow up,

time does not heal anything

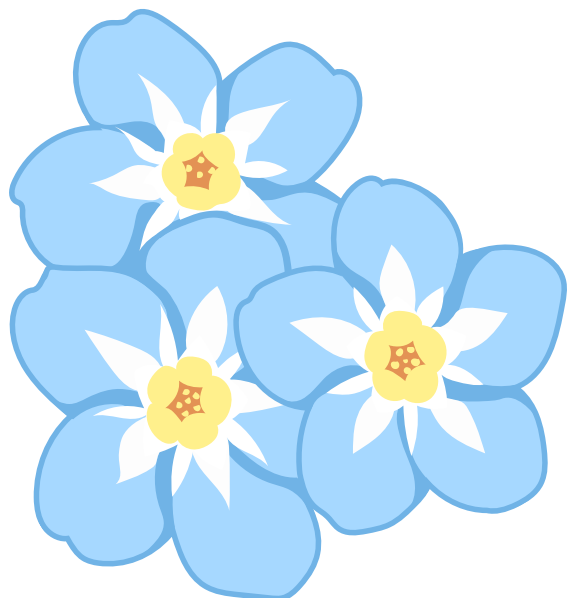
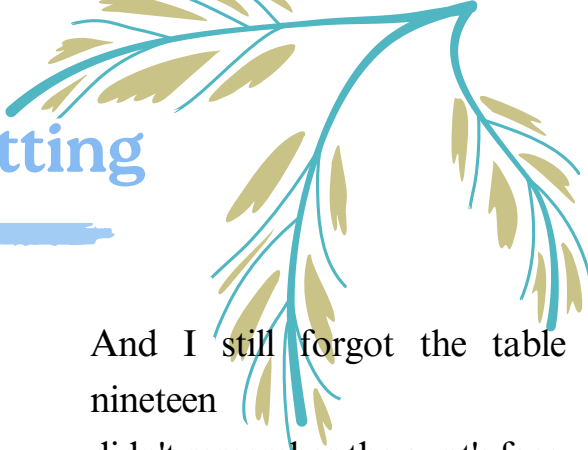
it simply makes us indifferent,

we remember things forever

and forgetting turns into

an art we cannot seem to master.

Srija





Banaras, My Becoming

In Banaras, I lost my way,
The river watched me every day.
I trusted faces, I lost my ground,
but truth was waiting to be found.
I stumbled first, I learned through pain,
Each loss became my teacher's name.
I fell, I rose, I tried again,
and found new strength within the rain.
I cried, I broke, I had no choice.
The nights were dark, the path unclear,
my heart was heavy with silent fear.
Yet Banaras held me, soft and kind,
its ghats whispered, "You will find."
And Mahadev, with patient eyes,
lifted me where my shadow lies.
He didn't stop the pain I knew,
but built me too.

He let me see what pain could do
to shape my heart, to make me still,
to teach me strength, to bend my will.
Slowly the darkness lost its sound,
light touched the water, all around.
I saw myself, both lost and found
in Banaras, where peace is bound.
Now when I stand beside the stream,
I smile at every broken dream.
For each wound gave me something true.
Banaras broke me but

By Krishma
Research Scholar,
Department of Geography

CRIES IN SILENCE:

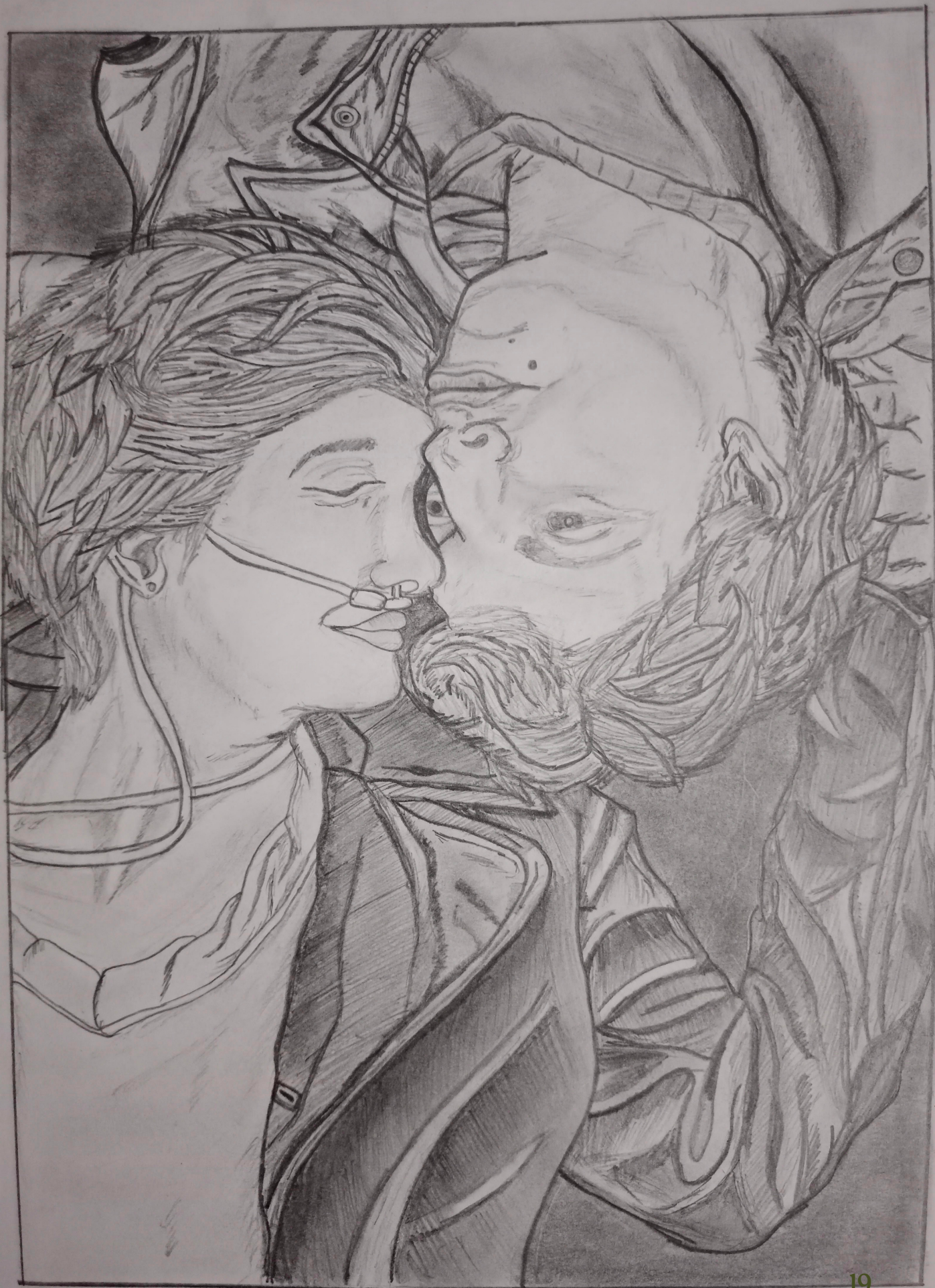
a plea for freedom

By Jyoti Bhojwani

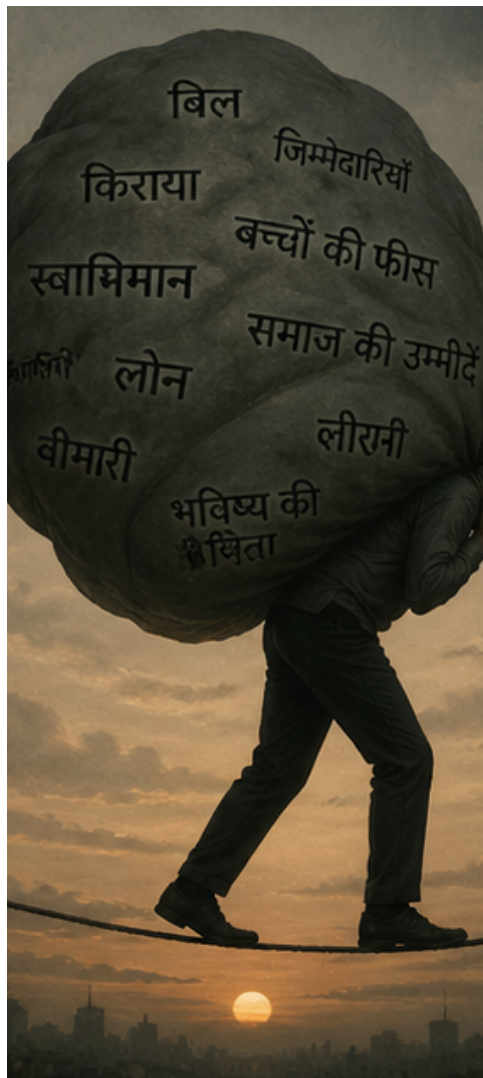
L.LB Hons, 1st year

She cried, but no one heard her,
Surrounded by people who only assaulted her.
She begged for mercy, but they were having their so-called fun,
Unmoved by the pain of what they had begun.
Buried in blood, shouting in pain,
Bruises on her face, scars all over her body.
You broke my bones, poked my eyes,
Yet even that wasn't enough, so you murdered me,
Chopped me into pieces, making them hard to find.
I tried to raise my voice, to stand for myself,
But all I heard was, "Better if you were on your deathbed."
Am I a human being or just public property?
Open for all, with no rights to my own body,
Waiting for someone to shout on my behalf?
You talk about my character, my clothes,
But why can't you scold your son when he gets too close?
You say sex education can change things this time,
I say education transforms people, not beasts who commit such heinous crimes.
Devdasi, Charan Seva, Jogini, Agachi, and more,
You call them traditions; I see them as synonyms of rape, for sure.
We women are labeled emotional fools,
But at least we don't use others as mere tools.
We asked men, "What if your mother, sister, or daughter were raped?"
They smirked and said, "No problem, we will do that on our own."
Girls, welcome to the planet they call Earth,
But for us, it's a place worse than hell, cursed by the people surrounding us.
I ask you all, what did I do wrong?
My clothes, my behavior, my freedom—or is it all your fault?
I want the freedom to roam freely at night,
And if not that, at least let me raise my voice to fight for my life.
I died fighting for my freedom while my family waited for me to come home on time.
My voice became the cry of the society
But those sitting on chairs were too busy protecting those who committed the crime.
All my girls, just wake up- it's high time
Fight for your rights and don't let justice die with those silenced alive.
And to all the mothers, please teach your son what's right at the right time.
So that every daughter of this country can pursue her dream and live her life.

While the sketch portrays a moment of quiet, fragile intimacy, the poem serves as a stark commentary on women's empowerment and the brutal reality of sexual violence. Author's goal is to contrast the inherent right to a peaceful, "breathable" life (represented in the sketch) against the suffocating reality of the crimes committed against women.



मध्यवर्गी



ना कि किसी को कुछ दान कर सके,
ना जन-जन से कुछ मांग कर सके,
अपने अंदर की पीड़ा को वो घुट-घुट के पीता है,
हाय! मध्यवर्गी जीवन कितना कुछ सहता है...
अर्थव्यवस्था का भार लिए है,
मन में जीवन का संताप भरे है,
फिर भी मुखमंडल यूँ हँसता है,
हाय! मध्यवर्गी जीवन कितना कुछ सहता है...
जिंदा रहने की होड़ में,
हर रोज वो घुट-घुट के मरता है,
नित न जाने कितनी बार हिमालय वो चढ़ता है,
कर्ण समान व्यर्थ तिरस्कार वो सहता है,
हाय! मध्यवर्गी जीवन कितना कुछ सहता है...
सस्ते में उत्तम वो खोजे है,
लोक-लाज, मर्यादा वो तजते है,
न्यून में बचत वो ढूँढता है,
हाय! मध्यवर्गी जीवन कितना कुछ सहता है...
जीवन है इनकी सुखी पात, फिर भी इनको प्यारी है अपनी साख,
शिक्षा की खातिर जलपान वो कम करता है,
हाय! मध्यवर्गी जीवन कितना कुछ सहता है...
माननीयों का वोट है,
ये जो भर ना सके वो चोट है,
ये अच्छी प्यारी बातों से इनको फुसलाता है,
हाय! मध्यवर्गी जीवन कितना कुछ सहता है...
हे सरकार! सुनो मेरी विनती,
आओ देखो अंगना मोरे, कितनी है दीपों की गिनती,
फिर भी निठुर नियति को दया भी नहीं आती है,
हाय! मध्यवर्गी जीवन कितना रुलाती है...



— भावना वर्मा



Role of performing arts in preserving culture and tradition

By Shreya Nandan
BPA 3rd semester



Art is a skill that is inherently present within an individual. When a person recognizes this inner ability and practices it continuously, it gradually develops into a refined form of art. Through continuous practice and using creativity, an individual gives life to emotions and ideas in the form of art. Many skills are involved in art. Traditionally, there are around 64 forms that are considered art forms, including the performing arts.

Performing arts refer to creative art forms where artists perform live on stage before an audience, conveying emotions and messages through dance, drama, music, or other forms of expression. Performing arts serve as a powerful medium of communication, through which messages are conveyed efficiently and reach a broad audience. They are especially effective because emotions, ideas, and experiences are expressed directly through words, visuals, movement, and live interaction with the audience.

History and significance

Throughout history, music, drama, and poetry have played a vital role in preserving and promoting culture and tradition. These performing arts have served as powerful mediums through which social values, beliefs, and ways of life have been passed down from one generation to another.

The Natya Shastra, India's foundational treatise on the performing arts, stands as a remarkable example of this cultural preservation. Music is closely associated with drama, through which people were encouraged to understand their culture. Social traditions and daily life were portrayed through dramatic performances. Such performances begin with prayers, encouraging traditional values. Composed nearly two thousand years ago, it not only outlines the principles of performance but also reflects the cultural, social, and aesthetic sensibilities of its time. Many scholars consider music to be the most versatile and simplest way through which culture has been promoted; we can say music is synonymous with our culture. Music establishes a positive connection because it is the source of rasa and is responsible for true bliss. Therefore, anything that is done with great joy is encouraged effortlessly. In the same way, our culture has been preserved and promoted.

In the Ramayan and Mahabharat period, there were different categories of professional singers known as Magadh, Charan, Nat, and Sut, etc., who wandered in society and earned their living by singing about mythology and glorifying Gods and emperors, thereby preserving and promoting culture. In this way, history began to be recorded during that period. Through singing, storytelling, and dramatic narration, moral values, social norms, and historical events were passed to the masses.

Music and dance were integral to rituals, celebrations, and religious gatherings. Devotional songs and narrative dances helped people remember customs and ideals like dharma, karma and bhakti. Performances were held in public spaces, encouraging collective learning and reinforcing shared cultural identity.

In present time, stories from the Ramayana and Mahabharata are vividly enacted through performing arts such as music, dance and drama, serving as a powerful medium to impart moral values and to encourage ethical learning in society and to preserve and communicate the cultural traditions and social ideals of that period. In the same way, culture and tradition were preserved and encouraged in ancient periods such as Jain, Buddha etc.

Impact of Music in the Medieval Period

In the Medieval Period during the rise of Islamic rule in India, our cultural and traditional values were influenced by the Mughal empires. During this time, our culture was not completely destroyed but was weakened or disrupted due to several social, political and economic factors.

With the beginning of the medieval period, the Mughals gradually consolidated their power and established a strong empire in North India. They implemented their laws and encouraged their cultural practices, with special emphasis on their style of music. The subject matter of music became more secular and sensuous, and it no longer maintained its earlier spiritual depth and seriousness. Many temples were destroyed, and cultural performances shifted to royal courts to be performed before emperors. Spiritual and devotional songs were replaced by ghazals, and Sufi songs had a major impact on our culture and tradition.

Cultural revival

On the other hand, our culture and tradition were encouraged and preserved during the Bhakti Movement. Vaishnavism contributed significantly to this movement and is considered its heart. Vaishnavite saints like Surdas, Tulsidas, Chaitanya, and Mirabai promoted culture and faith through devotional songs such as bhajan and kirtan, writing poems and verses about Gods like Vishnu, Krishna and Rama. The use of common languages like Hindi, Sanskrit and Tamil encouraged individual dignity. It can be seen how music, drama and poetry (performing arts) have played vital roles in promoting and preserving our cultural and traditional values. Gradually, our culture has been preserved since ancient times.

Performing Arts' Influence on Modern Culture

Our modern culture is deeply influenced by the present time, and many practices have been done to promote and preserve our cultural heritage. The primary government entity responsible for organizing cultural events in India is the Ministry of Culture, which operates through several autonomous and subordinate organizations at national, zonal and international levels. The Ministry of External Affairs is also involved in promoting Indian culture globally through its cultural arm. All these have been influenced by our cultural arts such as classical and folk performances of music,

poetry recitation traditions, and cultural dramas for preservation and widespread promotion of culture.

One of the most popular examples for promoting culture is the Kashi Tamil Sangamam. It is an Indian government initiative celebrating the deep, ancient cultural, spiritual, and intellectual links between Tamil Nadu and Kashi (Varanasi), aiming to foster national unity under Ek Bharat Shreshtha Bharat by bringing people from diverse fields (students, writers, artisans, farmers) together for cultural exchange, learning, and sharing knowledge.

Performing arts in initiatives like Kashi Tamil Sangamam act as a vibrant bridge by visualizing shared heritage. Arts like folk dances (Kavadi Attam) and classical forms (Bharatanatyam and Kathak) visually demonstrate deep-rooted connections between Kashi and Tamil Nadu. They create spaces for dialogue and learning, allowing performers and audiences (like BHU students) to experience and understand different regional traditions. These events also provide platforms for artists from both regions to share their craft, learn from each other, and gain recognition, enhancing their skills and experience.

Performing arts play a vital role in preserving culture and tradition. They embody collective beliefs, stories, and traditions through dance, music and drama, acting as a living archive that transmits heritage across generations. They serve as a primary method for passing intangible cultural heritage, traditions, rituals, and skills from older to younger generations. The themes, costumes, instruments and styles in performing arts directly mirror a society's environment, history, emotions, and way of life. They work as a bridge between diverse cultures. Therefore, preservation and promotion of our musical heritage is also important for preserving our cultural and traditional values.





Indian Education System Throughout the years

By Ayushi Sharma

L.LB, 2nd Year, Faculty of Law

According to Kautilya : “Education is the best friend. An educated person is respected everywhere. Education beats the beauty and the youth”¹ He also famously stated that “Education means training for the country and love for the nation”. Education is most important for the development of any country because it builds knowledge, critical thinking, problem-solving skills, empowering individuals for better careers, financial stability, and personal growth while fostering informed, responsible citizens who drive societal progress, innovation, and well-being by promoting empathy, ethics, and adaptability in a changing world. That ultimately strengthens a nation. India has seen various changes in its education system throughout the years from the ancient period to the modern times.

- Ancient Period : In ancient period, the education system was focused on the holistic development of the individual by taking care of both the inner and the outer self.² The system focused on the moral, physical, spiritual and intellectual aspects of life. It emphasized on values such as humility, truthfulness, discipline, self-reliance and respect for all creations. Students were taught to appreciate the balance between human beings and nature. Teaching and learning followed the tenets of Vedas and Upanishads fulfilling duties towards self, family and society, thus encompassing all aspects of life. Education system focused both on learning and physical development. In other words, the emphasis was on healthy mind and healthy body. You can see that education in India has a heritage of being pragmatic, achievable and complementary to life. That led to establishment of educational universities like Nalanda University, Taxila University, at higher level. That was a great attraction of foreign scholars such as Hiuen Tsang, Fa Hien, Xuan Zang and I-Qing. At regional levels Gurukulas were the educational hubs. All the educational institutes were funded by the people of that region on voluntary basis there was no restriction to pay. Contributions towards education were considered the highest form of donation. All members of the society contributed in some form or the other. At that time, the education was a service to the society that was given by the Brahmins (the one who studies and teaches). The literacy rate according to the modern sources was 82% among men and 65% among women. The consideration of importance of education led to various literatures that assist modern scholars such as Arthashastra, Dharmashastra, Brahma Samhita, Charaka Samhita, Brahmasphutasiddhanta, and many more.³ That made the India a golden bird a very prosperous nation in the world.



- **Medieval period :** The prosperity of nation attracted many foreign invasion from Central Asia that affected the peace of the country that shifted the focus of society from being progressive to being defensive. The safety of women became a crucial issue that resulted in lower literacy rate in females. The literacy gap among males and females widened. The education became more focused on Islamic knowledge with the advent of Islamic rulers. In this period, India saw the construction of numerous magnificent temples, forts, and palaces, showcasing advancements in architectural techniques and engineering. The medicinal field also saw huge development in Ayurveda and traditional techniques of Hakims. We find these information of all this from various texts composed that was chronological records of various rulers written by their court poets in the language that was used in the proceedings of the court that are as follows: Kalhana's Rajatarangini, Kavirajmarg, Kitab-ul-Hind, Adigranth, Prithviraj Raso, Baburnama, Futuhat-e-firozshahi, and many more. But after the advent of Europeans the administration, educational, legislative system all took a huge turn.⁴
- **British Period :** The Europeans came to India for trade but the influence of climatic, geographical, political conditions of India made them rule over it. Britishers never had any bona fide intention to educate India but they made efforts with a view to indulge a slavery mindset in Indians. Thomas Babington Macaulay drafted the English Education Act 1835 aimed to create "a class of persons, Indian in blood and colour, but English in taste, in opinions, in morals and in intellect". Wood's Despatch 1854 Known as the Magna Carta of English Education in India. The reforms could not make as much effect over the literacy rate in India as Indians termed it as eradication of their traditional teaching and enforcement of Western education. Concerning the importance of education many Indian social reformers also focused on the education like Raja Ram Mohan Roy focused on the importance of western education because the need of modern times, Swami Dayanand Saraswati focused on Vedic education with his motto "Vedo ki aur lauto" (Back to the Vedas), Jyotirao Phule focused on the women education etc. This led to the establishment of various educational institutes such as Dayanand Anglo-Vedic (DAV), Central Hindu School, Banaras Hindu University (BHU), Vedanta College, Hindu College etc.
- **Post Independence Period :** Under the Constitution of India the makers of Indian Constitution explicitly mentioned the Right to Education in the Article-45 as a DPSP. Maulana Abul Kalam Azad was the first education minister of India. University Grants Commission and Secondary Education Commission were established to regulate education in India. IITs were established to produce high-level technical manpower for the growth of the country. Still the literacy rate of men was 40.40% and among women was 15.35%. The 86th Constitution Amendment Act⁵ under Article-21A established Right to Education as a fundamental right and under Article-51A (k) the



duty of parent or guardian to provide education to his child between the age of six and fourteen years. It enforced the education constitutionally on the citizens.⁶ The literacy rate for females and males are 64.63% and 80.9% respectively in 2011 with the mutual efforts of the government and citizens. The New Education Policy 2020 was a further effort to make the education more growth oriented. But still the challenge of infrastructure and literacy rate hinders the growth of nation. The confidence of citizens in the government schools is losing.⁷ There were 52,300 government schools with fewer than 10 or zero student enrolments, a figure that rose to more than 65,000 in 2024-25. It shows that government schools need reforms in their infrastructure, teaching methods, extra curricular activities.

- Conclusion : Dr. A P J Abdul Kalam said that Knowledge is a tangible asset, quite often the most important tool in your work. The more up-to-date the knowledge you possess, the freer you are. Knowledge cannot be taken away from anyone except by obsolescence. A leader can only be free to lead his team if he keeps abreast of all that is happening around him—in real time. To lead, in a way, is to engage in continuing education. And to lead a developed nation too education plays a crucial role. The view of Viksit Bharat can only be achieved with the support of educated youth of the nation as now in India we face various challenges such as unemployment, lack of civic sense, corruption, population, poverty, health issues etc. all this can be countered by proper education in India. Not only the theoretical knowledge but also the practical knowledge. The private schools in India have become business oriented and the citizens do not have confidence in government schools. Firstly we have to gain that confidence again. Secondly the education system should be more based on the building of character of every individual. The moral education to build personality and character. This will not only counter the issues previously mentioned but help in mitigating the commission of offences as well. The essence of brotherhood will make BHARAT a developed nation with the proper moral, theoretical, practical knowledge to its citizens.

ENDNOTES

- 1 Kautilya's Arthashastra
- 2 NCERT Class VIII English supplementary reader It so happened, Chapter-8, Page-67
- 3 Ancient India by Ram Sharan Sharma
- 4 History of Medieval India by Satish Chandra
- 5 The Constitution Of India
- 6 Ministry of Statistics and Programme Implementation - Literacy and Education
- 7 The Hindu - December 01, 2025 11:39 pm IST - New Delhi
- 8 Wings of Fire-Autobiography of Dr. A P J Abdul Kalam



SONG

By Preevi Singh, Research Scholar
Department of English

मिलजुल कर हम रहते जहां हैं,
वह संस्था हमारी है.
हम जिसकी छाया में रहते,
हम उसके आभारी हैं.
हम हैं साथ-साथ,
लिए हाथों में हाथ,

विद्या हम सब की आभा है,
एकता पहचान हमारी.
एकजुटता में हम सबके,
शिक्षक हैं सहयोगकारी.
आओ हम सब इंकलूजन को मिलकर आगे बढ़ाएं.
हम हैं साथ-साथ,
लिए हाथों में हाथ.

कठिन मार्ग को पार लगाकर,
उच्च शिखर पर जाएंगे हम.
हो ना सका जो जग में पहले,
करके वह दिखलाएंगे हम.
अपने इस स्वर्णिम सपने को साकार कर दिखाएं.
हम हैं साथ-साथ,
लिए हाथों में हाथ.

नहीं छोड़ते हाथ किसी का,
हरदम देते साथ सभी का.
अपने इस परिवार में हम सब,
करते हैं सम्मान सभी का.
आओ अपनी राहों से हम जोखिम हटाएं.
हम हैं साथ-साथ,
लिए हाथों में हाथ.



Through this song, the author attempts to capture hostel life as a space of inclusion—where students with and without disabilities, and from varied caste, class, and socioeconomic backgrounds, share a life built on respect, care, and equality.

PICTURE GALLERY





ROOM DECORATION





Mehendi Competition





2ND EDITION MAGAZINE LAUNCH & PRIZE DISTRIBUTION



2
0
2
5

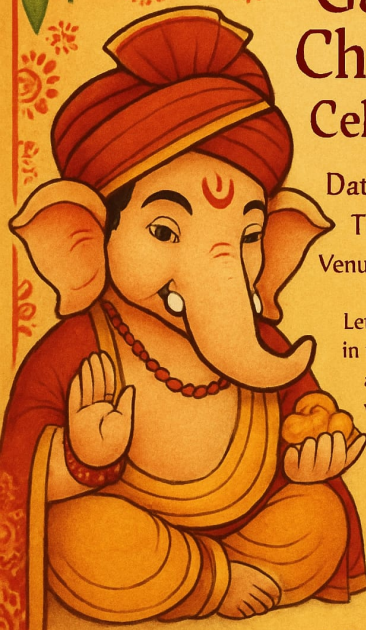




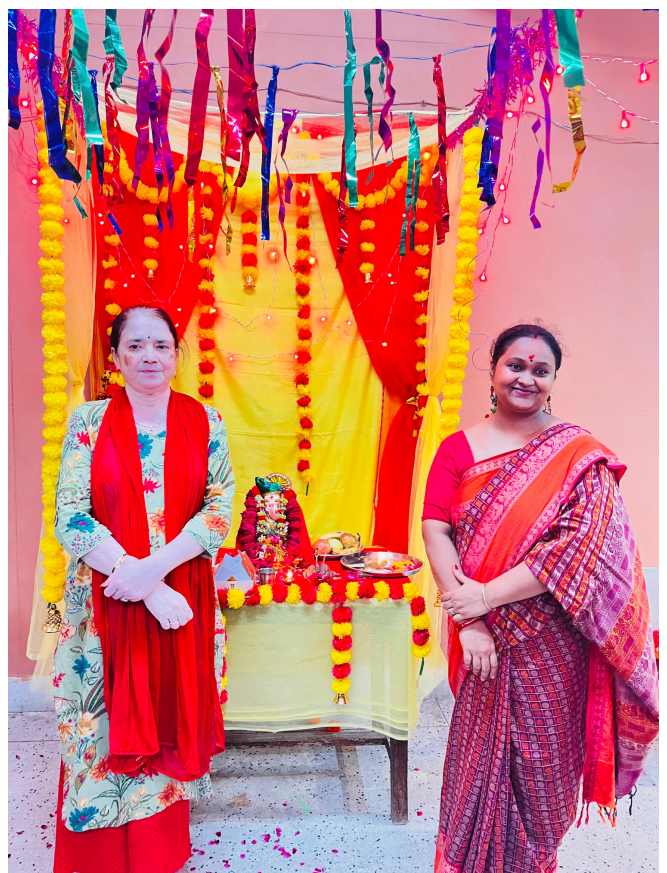
Yamuna Hostel. Triveni Complex. BHU

Ganesh Chaturthi Celebration

Date: 27-08-2025
Time: 7:30 PM
Venue: Common Room

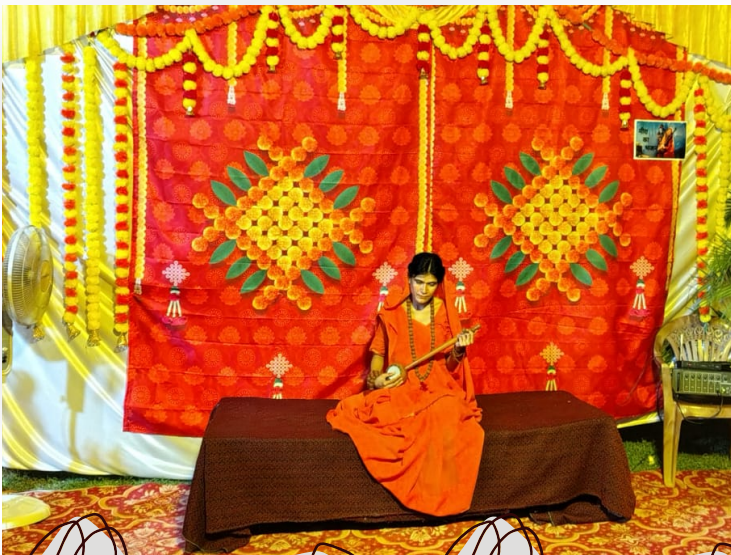


Let us come together in the spirit of devotion and celebration to welcome Lord Ganesha, the harbinger of wisdom, and prosperity. Your presence will make this festive occasion at Yamuna Hostel truly special. Join us for an evening filled with joy, prayers, and togetherness. Let's celebrate the divine with heart and harmony!





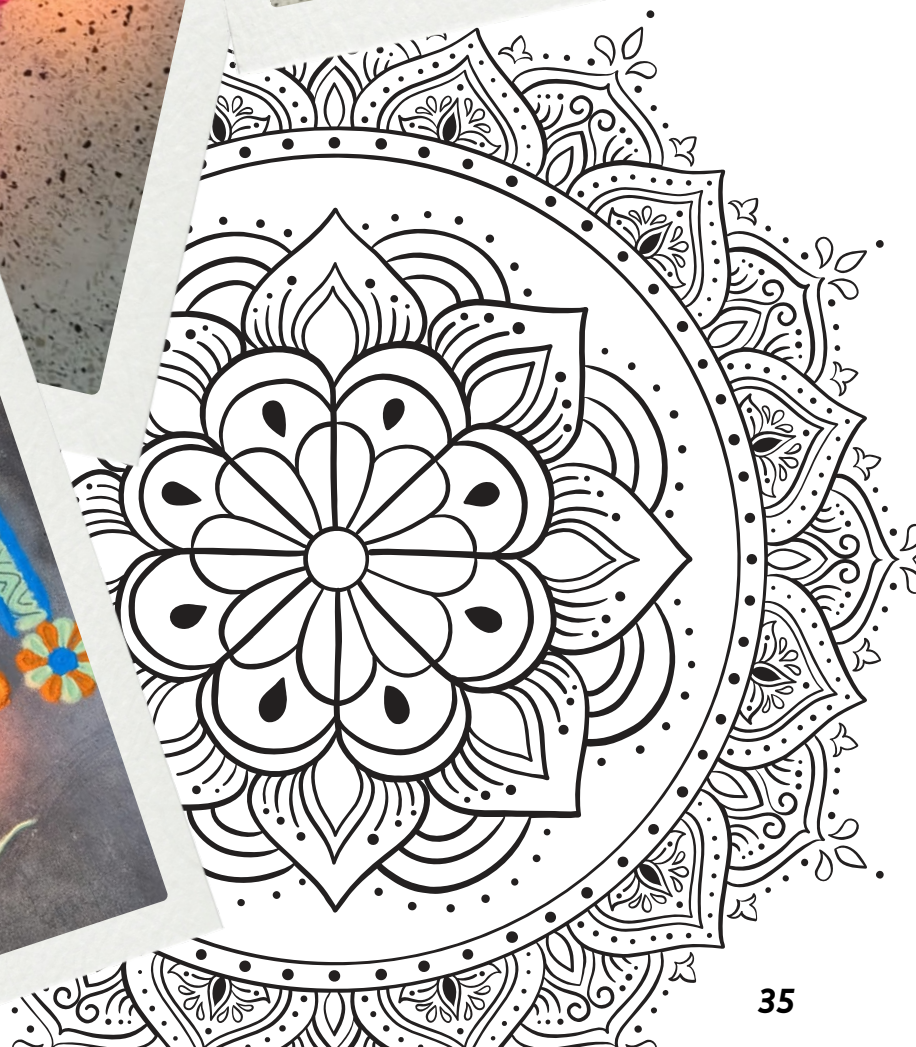
Krishna Janmastami

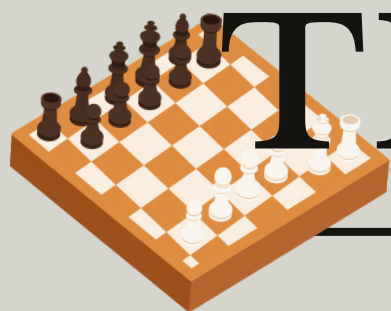


The States of India Dress up



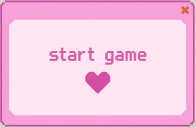
RANGOLI COMPETITION





THE GAME





SLEIGHTS





PRIZE DISTRIBUTION



ANTAKSHARI NIGHT



Saraswati Puja



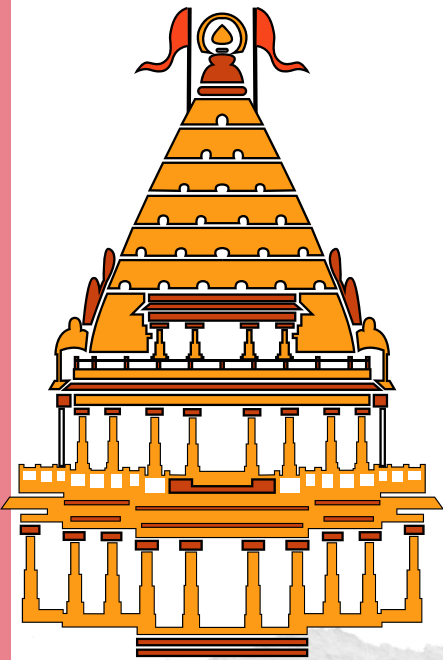
MESSAGES FROM *Far Away*

Looking back as I prepare to leave, I can confidently say that my hostel life has been one of the most meaningful phases of my journey. It gave me not just a place to stay, but a home filled with memories, laughter, and a few truly incredible friends who stood by me through every high and low. My PhD life was nothing short of a rollercoaster—full of challenges, doubts, and small victories—but it was the constant support, late-night conversations, and unwavering belief of my hostel friends that helped me keep going and ultimately complete it. The friendships I found here are not limited to these walls; they are lifelong bonds that I will always cherish. Beyond academics, this hostel taught me resilience, patience, and the value of shared experiences. As I move forward, I carry with me not just a degree, but a heart full of gratitude and memories that will forever bring a smile to my face.

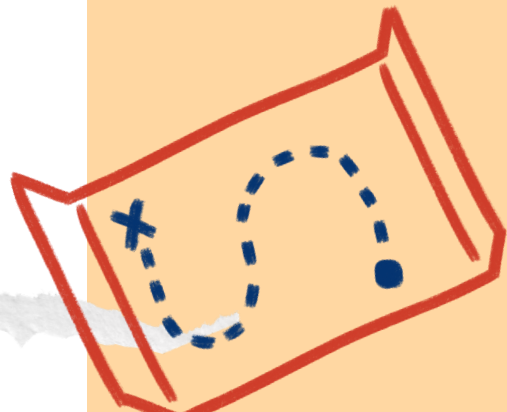
Dr. Karishma Gupta

MESSAGES FROM *Far Away*

काशी को छोड़ आई हूँ, पर मन वहीं ठहर गया,
त्रिवेणी के उस कमरे का मेरा हर पल बिखर गया।
सखियों की हँसी अब भी कानों में गूँजती है,
मेस में सबके साथ खाना दिल को बड़ा रुलाती हैं।
रातों की नींद छोड़, सपनों को सजाया था,
हर एक पल को मैंने दिल से अपनाया था।
वार्डन नहीं, बड़ी बहन-सा प्यार मिला,
सीमा मैम में माँ-सा स्नेह खिला।
मौसी जी की ममता, गेट वाले भैया का अपनापन,
महाराज के खाने में भी था प्रेम का स्पंदन।
छोड़ आई हूँ वो आँगन, पर दिल वहीं ठहर जाता है,
हर गलियारे की याद मुझे चुपके से बुलाता है।
अब दूर हूँ तो लगता है कुछ अधूरा सा है,
जैसे खुद का ही कोई हिस्सा खोया सा है।



वर्णाली सिंह



MESSAGES FROM *Far Away*



Dr. Karishma Kabadwal

जब पहली बार कदम रखा था, वो मंजर आज भी याद है,
घर वालों को पलट-पलट कर देखना, एक अनकही फ़रियाद है।
आँखों में आँसू थे और दिल में एक अनजाना सा डर,
कि कैसे कटेगा इस अजनबी शहर में हमारा सफ़र।
पर वक्त बदला, यार मिले और बदल गई तकदीर,
यमुना की दीवारों पर खिंच गई यादों की तस्वीर।
वो गलियारों से दोस्तों को ज़ोर से आवाज़ लगाना,
सुबह नाश्ते की दौड़ में, एक-दूसरे को जगाना।
महाराज जी के आगे रोज़ नाश्ते की नई फ़रियाद करना,
और उनके हाथों के हलवे की, वो मीठी सी आस रखना।
वॉर्डन मैम के साथ मिलकर, नए-नए प्रोग्राम करना,
कभी रामलीला की रौनक, तो कभी कल्चरल फेस्ट का सजना।
मस्ती के उन रंगों से, हर एक पल को जीना,
त्योहारों की खुशी में, घर की यादों को पीना।
वो दोस्त अब दोस्त नहीं, एक प्यारा सा परिवार हैं,
जिनके साथ से आसान हुई, शोध की हर मंझधार है।
रात भर हॉस्टल में घूमना और वो मिडनाइट मैगी बनाना,
दिन भर की सारी थकान, बस बातों-बातों में मिटाना।
आज जब विदा हुए, तो कदम फिर बहुत भारी थे,
हॉस्टल की यादों को समेटने की, अब हमारी बारी थी।
ज़िंदगी हर बार एक नया सफ़र, एक नया मोड़ लाती है,
पर दोस्तों का साथ हो, तो मंज़िल खुद करीब आती है।
यमुना के उस कमरे में अब कोई और सपना पालेगा,
पर हमारा वो सुनहरा दौर, हमें उम्र भर संभालेगा।

The Heart of the Hostel - "From Suitcases to Suit Jackets"

The gate swung wide, a brand-new world,
With dreams packed tight and linen neatly curled.
I stepped inside, my heart a racing beat,
To find a room where two lives were to meet.
Just me and her, mid-laugh and shifting bags,
Amongst the posters and the luggage tags.
The hallway hummed with voices, girls in line,
A dozen stories starting to entwine.
From nervous smiles to tea in plastic cups,
The long descent—and all the growing ups.
Behind us stood a guide, a steady hand,
The finest warden in all the land.
Through every crisis, every tearful night,
She held us close and made the shadows bright.
And when the music called, I took the lead,
Sowing the joy that every heart would need;
From stage lights glowing to the rhythmic beat,
I planned the nights that made our lives complete.
But now the halls are quiet, miles away,
I trade the music for a working day.
I miss the chaos, and the warden's grace,
The magic of that crowded, happy space.
Though life goes on and roles have shifted now,
I carry every memory like a vow.

MESSAGES FROM *Far Away*



Kinsi Kumari
(Central Library Intern)



Anushka Pal Singh

M.A 4th Semester

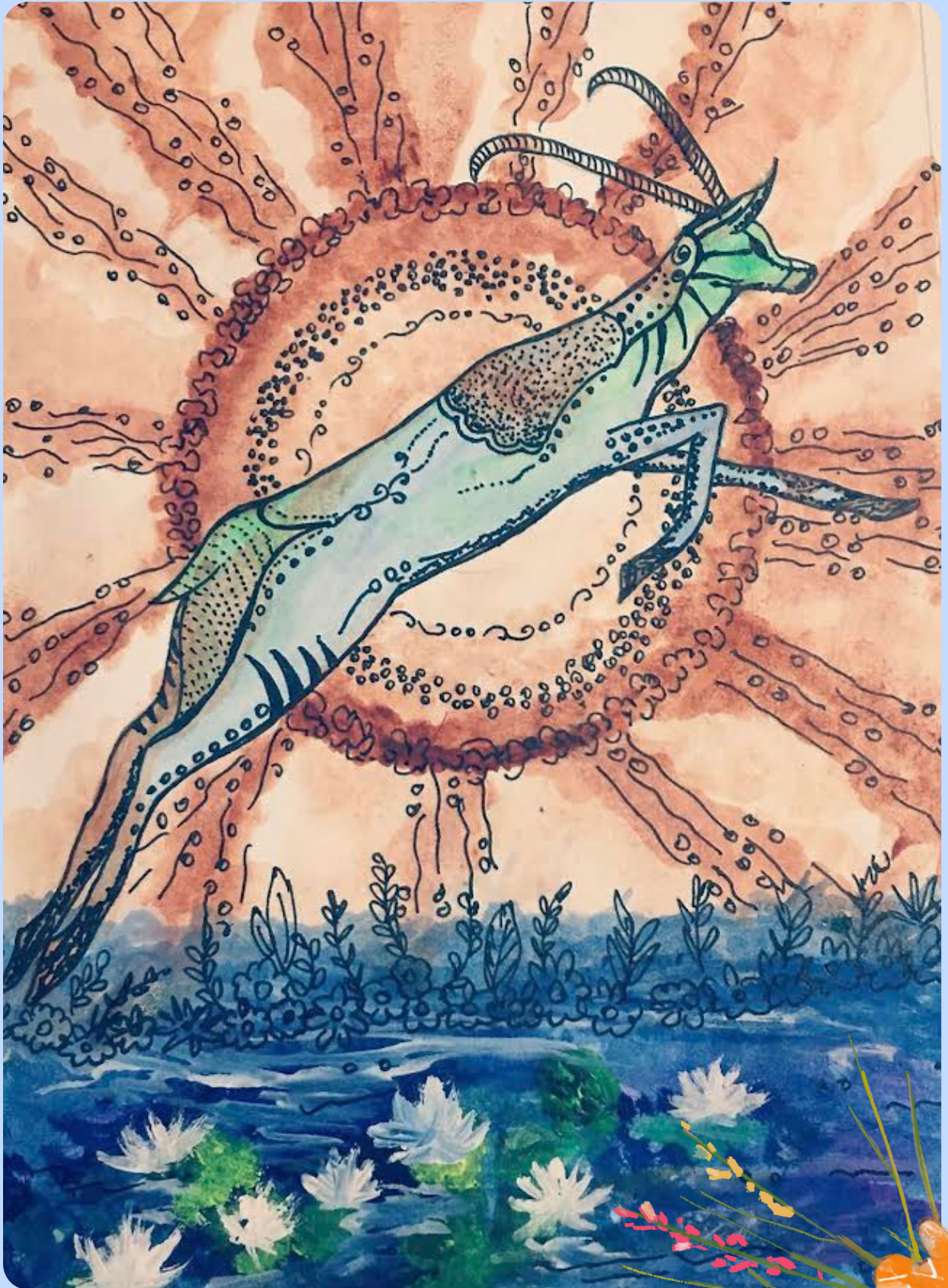
Department of Ancient History and
Archaeology

MESSAGE OF *farewell*

As my department has its name,
Ancient Indian history and
Archeology tied to the core of
India; my journey here has also
become the core of my life. Be it
academics, co-curricular; this
phase has been bittersweet but
the people I have got here;
professors, friends everyone has
made sure that I grow out to be a
better person. And being on the
departure phase of my Post
graduation; I can see the world
full of opportunities and
learnings coming my way.

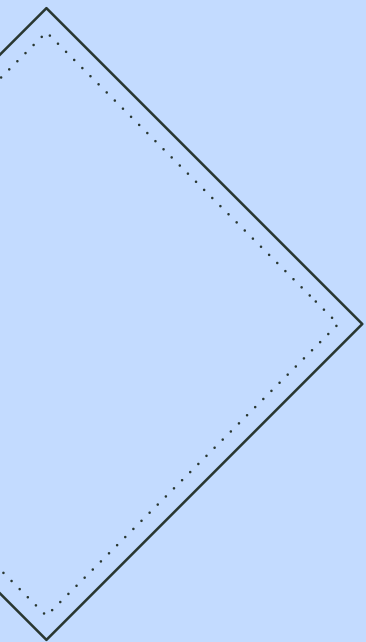


कला कृति Art attack





Sakshi
Research Scholar
Faculty of Law



Anushree Dwivedi
Research Scholar,
Dept. Of AIHC and Arch.





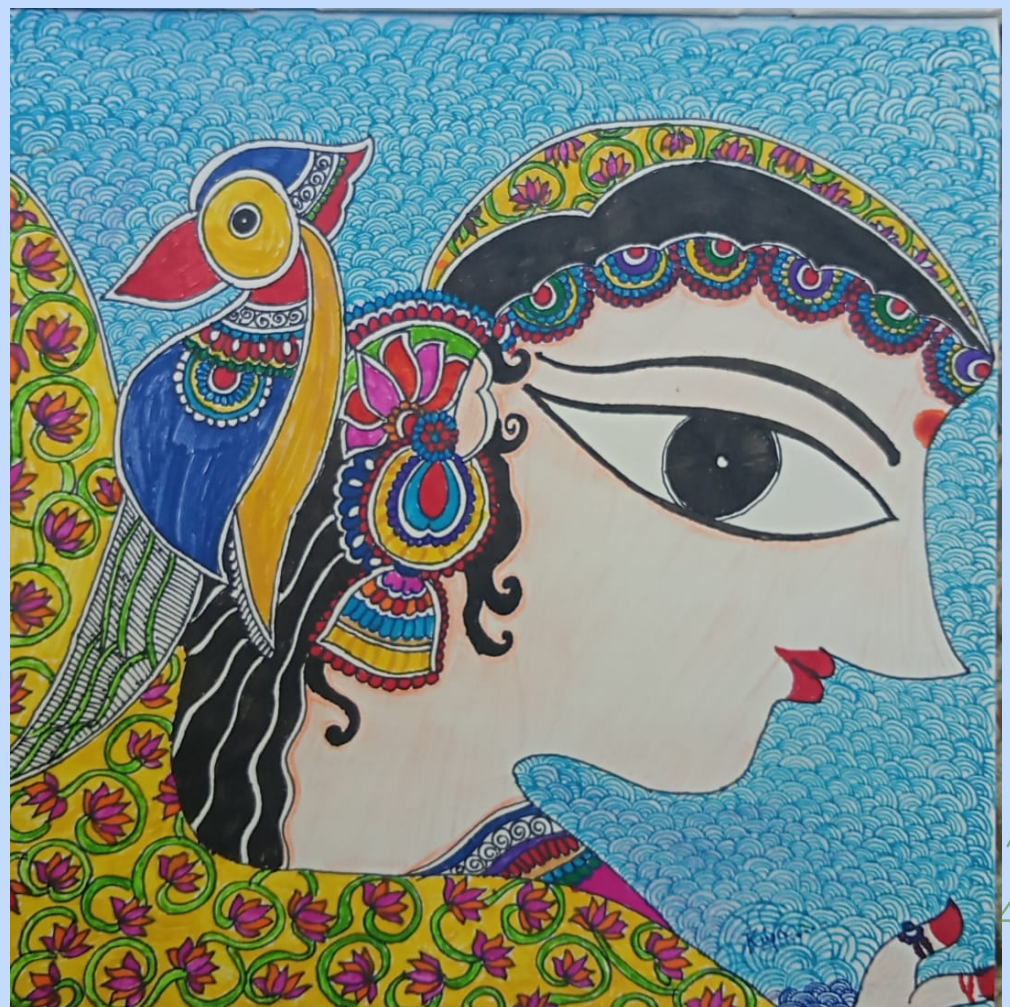
Sweta Kumari

Research Scholar Dept. Of AIHC and Arch.





Pooja Awasthi
Research Scholar,
Dept. Of AIHC and Arch.



Riya Dubey
M.A Sociology



MEET OUR TEAM

Sanjivani

Research Scholar,
English Department



Sakshi

Research Scholar,
Faculty of Law, BHU



Priyanka

L.LB Hons, third year
Faculty of Law, BHU

GRATITUDE NOTE

A hostel is never just a place to stay. It is early mornings and late nights, shared meals that bring us together every day, rooms that slowly start to feel like home, and friendships that grow in the most ordinary moments.

It is borrowed things and unplanned conversations, practice sessions echoing through hallways, games played with too much energy, and small routines that somehow become the best parts of our days. It is where we learn to live with each other, laugh a little louder, and find comfort in simply not being alone.

This magazine exists because so many of you chose to share a piece of your world, through your words, your art, your photographs, and your thoughts. Thank you for trusting these pages with something that mattered to you.

On behalf of Yamuna Hostel, Triveni Complex BHU, we thank all the contributors for making this truly ours.

As some of us move on and others stay, this place will keep changing, but the memories we have made here will quietly stay with us.

And maybe, years later, it is these simple moments we will miss the most.

Sanjivani

ABHIVYAKTI अभिव्यक्ति

ISSUE 03

YAMUNA E-MAGAZINE



2025

WHERE EVERY CORRIDOR REMEMBERS A LAUGH